

CHARLES W. BENNETT HAD KIDNEY TROUBLE 50 YEARS

I am a soldier of '61 to '65, and a resident of Coldwater for over twenty years, and for over thirty years followed the business of traveling salesman; well known over Ohio Indiana and Michigan.

For over fifty years I have been frequently down and out from kidney trouble. I have tried everything that came to my notice, that was recommended for that disease with no beneficial results until "San Yak" was brought to my notice. I had very little faith, but before one bottle was used I found I was being helped. I have now taken five bottles and am nearly cured. I shall continue as I realize that I could not expect a disease of the fifty years' suffering to be cured quickly. If this testimonial will help any sufferer to find relief, I shall be sufficiently remunerated, and you are privileged to use it as may best suit your convenience.

Yours very truly,  
CHARLES W. BENNETT,  
Coldwater, Michigan,  
241 Division St.

Mr. Besdan came to the store—Battlement Drug Co., Benton Harbor, Mich., with another man and said: "If you will take three bottles of San Yak and if it does not cure you, I will pay for the medicine myself. My nerves were all going to pieces and I was run down and could not sleep. Since taking San Yak I feel better than I have in ten years and I am 83 years old and can now walk at least four miles every day."

"WILLIAM BESDAN," 1030 Lavette St., Benton Harbor, Mich.  
A slight degree of kidney trouble affects the mind and body, nephritis (inflammation of the kidneys) causes mental diseases in two ways: Through changes in the walls of the blood vessels and through poisonous changes in the blood. Creatin, creatin and potassium salts, commonly produced in kidney diseases, irritate the lining of the animal brain.

San-Yak is the remedy that does actual wonderful daily good. It prevents the self-poisoning from which so many people suffer, thereby keeping the arteries soft and flexible at ages past fifty. No better proof could be had than from the following letters:

Mrs. Jemima Tickle, Selina, Ohio, (grandmother of Perry Baker, county treasurer). She is 96 years old and was subject to a great deal of nervousness and fainting spells, high blood pressure, stiff and clumsy in the muscles, but after taking San-Yak is again in normal health, being able to do her own housework and washing. She says she can walk a mile with most of the young folks.

J. B. White, ex-chief of police of Marion, Ind., and recently has become proprietor of the Hotel DeSoto, states as follows:

"SAN YAK, yes, I know that medicine. I used four bottles while I was in Benton Harbor, Mich. I was subject to short breath, heart, kidney bladder and liver troubles; had blood. I am pleased to have an opportunity to recommend San-Yak to my friends. It is a wonderful medicine and its claims are true. Yours with pleasure."  
"J. B. WHITE."

P. A. Kellogg, 289 Second St., Benton Harbor, says: "San-Yak cured me of paralysis of five years standing. I had had action of the kidneys, bladder and liver for many years. The hardening of the arteries has disappeared. People of advanced years should use San-Yak for health's sake and a longer life of activity and usefulness."

Dr. J. J. Weir, the eminent children's specialist, Millburg, Mich., says: "This is to certify that I have prescribed San-Yak for a bad case of stomach trouble and I am glad to say it helped really beyond my expectations. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one so afflicted. One teaspoonful in glass of water half hour before breakfast beats all antacids and tonics for the stomach, bowels and kidneys. I have tried all kinds."

"Of late years I have been troubled with my heart. Upon being examined the doctors told me it was high blood pressure. They tried to relieve me but did no good. I was told to try San-Yak on a guarantee which I did and am now very thankful. I have taken several bottles and am not now troubled one bit with my heart. My blood pressure is now down to normal. It is also a very good tonic, for I now feel the best I have felt for several years."

"T. J. Parr, R. F. D. 3, Benton Harbor."

HOW TO REGULATE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

A dollar laid out to aid health is not an expenditure, but a loan; which will be returned a hundred fold.

Take San Yak. It prevents a bony like hardening of the arteries at ages past 50 years. Dr. Burnham's San Yak is the sure way to prevent Paralysis and apoplexy. In its use you have prevented or cured bladder and kidney trouble. It is the greatest in use to prevent the clumsy stiff joints and muscles and for Neuritis or Rheumatism and Constipation.

What this prescription does for other people it will do for you and we can supply every person that you get the results needed.

Sold by Charles R. Murphy, Alma, Mich. Made by the Burnham Medicine Co., Detroit, Mich.—Adv.

**CHICHESTER PILLS**

DIAMOND BRAND

Refuse all Substitutes.

Read the directions for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. **TAKE NO OTHERS.** Buy only the Diamond Brand Pills for twenty-five years regarded as the best. Always reliable. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE WORTH TRYING**

Smoke the best, Wagnas.—64-1f

JANEY PROPOSES

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

David Blair sat behind the screen of palms, a frowning spectator upon a scene of gaiety. Always his place seemed to be just at the outer edge of things, never as a participant. Years ago—for youth seemed a confused memory to David, he had not danced or flirted, or even engaged in harmless revelry with his college companions. Seriously, he had wondered at their simple enjoyment as he applied himself to study. The admiring glances of girls he had been too absorbed to see, alike their perplexity and disappointment at his indifference, had proved unnoticed.

Now, David, successful man of business, authority upon matters of moment, realized suddenly and gloomily, that pleasure had repaid him with the forgetfulness he had given. Not that it mattered—much. Janey still came to him with her merry or tearful confidences, Janey, with an utter disregard for decorum, stopped at his bachelor home on dismal, dreary evenings to make his tea for him, to sit there in bright red frock with her little red slippers before the fire, talking as only Janey could talk.

After her return from that last year at college there had been a self-confident pose in the girl's bearing which had not been there before. David was impatiently disapproving of each suitor who appeared upon the scene. No man seemed quite good enough for Janey, and these conceited young idiots—David fumed at their assurance. The choice had now sifted down to two. Frankly Janey discussed her cavaliers before David's study fire.

"They both want to marry me," she remarked one evening.

Janey—married! The thought caught in a painful manner at David's heartstrings.

"Wait," he advised hastily, "do not be in a hurry, child; marriage is for a lifetime."

"But if I wait like you, David," she had indignantly complained, "I may never choose at all."

So this night behind the palms he had watched her flitting about, a sought after vision in white, but there was, he fancied, a cloud upon the girl's piquant face.

Jack Irving moped in an opposite corner against the wall; Billy Hayes was conspicuously attentive to every one but his adored Janey—what was the matter?

"David," asked a small, meek voice, "may I hide with you here for a while?" Janey herself parted the curtains of his seclusion.

"You see, David, I'm in rather an embarrassing predicament. Those silly boys, both of them, think that I'm engaged."

David wheeled about sharply. "Engaged to whom?"

Janey studied her outspread fingers. "To them," she said. David stared. "Jack did ask me last night," she confessed, "and Billy said something of the sort while we were driving this morning, but—"

"But—" mocked David. "Well, are you engaged to either?"

Janey sighed. "—don't know," she answered.

"Don't know?" David was exasperated; also his heart was hammering heavily.

"It was this way," the girl explained. "Last night Jack got to talking about his promising future, and—how he would like me to share it, David, and we could go south on those business trips of his in the winter, and have a bungalow out near our golf links in summer, and he wanted to know when I would decide, and I said something about leaving it until tonight."

"Under those circumstances," David answered slowly, "it would appear that young Irving has a right to consider you engaged."

"Wait," begged Janey. "This morning, you remember, I went for a ride with Billy, and Billy talked a good deal as Jack had, only—he wanted me to marry him when he gets his degree, and if I would—I was to give him the first dance this evening. He knew that Jack had spoken for escort. And, David, honestly, when Billy came forward I forgot all about his old degree and I gave him—the first dance. Ever since then the two boys have been scowling at each other and—bullying me. So—" Janey threw out her hands despairingly—"there you are!"

David was also scowling. "You should not play with them that way," he said severely. "Both are nice boys, and it is not fair. Make your choice and find your happiness. What more can you desire, Janey?" David sighed. "They have all the stakes, youth—that greatest stake of all, and their future before them."

"Sometimes," said Janey, her voice was strangely unsteady, "it's just as well to have a little of the future behind one, David. Sometimes it makes a man kinder, more understanding. And always, we women cannot choose our own happiness, we—we have to wait until—"

"Until," interposed David, he had arisen to his feet.

With a little tremulous smile the girl put out her hands to him. "Until," she finished, "some dear old stupid realizes that youth is not the greatest thing in the world, and that hair turning white about the temples is the loveliest kind of hair."

"Daring!" cried the man enraptured. And Janey nodded her head. "Yes, David," she said "I've proposed."

Not a Complete Success.

Edward was a timid boy. He tried hard to overcome his timidity, but with little success. One day his father came home and brought him an Indian suit. After Edward had it on his father told him that he would be brave now, for Indians always were. Edward went out in the front yard to show it to a neighbor playing across the street came bounding across. The "Indian" came rushing up on the front porch, crying, and sobbed out: "Take the suit back; it don't work on me."

ORIGIN OF THE HOE CAKE

Southern Negroes Credited With Having Started This Delicacy on Its Way to Popularity.

Did you ever hear of hoe cake? If you have ever been in the southern part of the United States of America you have surely heard of it, and perhaps you have eaten it, too, for this dish originated in that part of the world.

Long ago, in the days before the Civil war, when great plantations flourished in the South and many negroes were owned by the planters, the slaves were usually sent out to work all day in the fields and given a lunch to take along with them for their mid-day meal. Wishing something hot to eat, they acquired the habit of mixing a batter, generally of cornmeal and water, with a little salt stirred in, and baking it upon their hoes on the hot coals of a fire which they built. It was the same thing which the women in their homes cooked on the hearth before the cabin fire, only, in the houses, they usually added about a teaspoonful of butter, lard or bacon drippings. They used just enough water to moisten the meal, so that they could spread it out upon their tins or boards.

Later on, so a Southern woman says, the white people, the plantation owners, made a similar dish, with variations, and liked it very well. They added, or, rather, substituted, milk for water, and added baking powder and more shortening, mixed the dough thoroughly, rolled it out, cut it into diamond-shaped pieces and baked it in the oven.—Christian Science Monitor.

WHEN JIM CLAIMED ANNIE

Maid Was Sorry to Leave, but as She Put It, It Was a Matter of Duty.

Ellis Parker Butler, the well-known humorist, has a story in the American Magazine in which the main character says:

"Well, Jimmy had been with the Burtons six years and Annie, our hired girl, had been with us five years. I guess everybody thought she hadn't any other name at all until one evening when Jimmy came over and knocked at the back door and asked mother if Miss Dornbacher was home. She wasn't, because she had gone to the Evangelical Lutheran church, but after that Jimmy used to come over, and Annie would put two chairs out in the yard under the apple tree and they would sit and talk. Or Jimmy would talk. He would talk and talk and talk, and every once in a while Annie would say, "Yes," and, after she learned it, "No." So, after a couple of years, Jimmy began to hold Annie's hand when he talked to her, and in a couple of years more they got engaged. I guess they liked each other."

"I was in our dining room one day, looking to see if Annie had put any fresh cookies in the jar in the closet, when I heard my mother say, "Oh, Annie!" in the kitchen, as if she was sorry about something. So then Annie said: "I bin sorry to go away, too, ma'am, but it is right everybody should get married once or twice." "I know," my mother said; "but I don't know what I will ever do without you, Annie." "So then Annie cried, and there were no cookies, so I went out."

What Makes Thunder Rumble.

Why does thunder rumble? The path of a lightning flash through the air may be several miles in length. All along this path the sudden expansion of the heated air—a true explosion—sets up an atmospheric wave, which spreads in all directions, and eventually registers upon our ears as thunder. Since the lightning discharge is almost instantaneous the sound wave is produced at very nearly the same time along the whole path. But the sound wave travels slowly through the air. Its speed is approximately 1,000 feet per second. Thus the sound from the part of the lightning's path that is nearest to us reaches us first, and that from the other parts of the path afterward, according to their distance. Intermitent crashes and booming effects are due chiefly to irregularities in the shape of the path.—Popular Science Monthly.

Eggs One Hundred Years Old.

A strange find was made at Northampton, Eng., recently. While workmen were sawing through a large elm tree they came across in the very heart of the tree five dried-up starling eggs. The eggs were 18 inches from the external bark, and from the concentric ring it is estimated that they must have been deposited about one hundred years ago. It is surmised that when the tree was young a pair of birds had made their nest in a cavity, and for some reason the eggs were forsaken, and in course of time the wood grew around the hollow.

Frogs and Their Eggs.

In the manner of disposing of their eggs many species of frogs exhibit remarkable peculiarities. One of the most curious, a tree frog, native of Paraguay, makes its nest in a bush overhanging a pond. The lower ends of a number of leaves are drawn together and fixed in that position by a number of empty egg-capsules. The eggs are also covered with a shield of empty capsules, to protect them from the sun and air. When the eggs are hatched the plug at the bottom appears to fall out and the tadpoles tumble into the water.

Von Moltke's Garrulity.

Field Marshal von Moltke was a man of few words. It is said that a wagger that in proposing a toast to the Kaiser the old soldier would not use more than eight or nine words. On this occasion, however, it happened that he added to his usual phrase the words, "Meine Herren"—Gentlemen. The disconsolate loser remarked: "Von Moltke's aging. He's getting garrulous!"

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

We are experienced and know how to give service to the owners of Ford Cars. We have the same methods, machinery and skill that they have in the Ford Factory, and we use the same Parts made by the Ford Motor Company. Ford owners are doubly guaranteed by us as to the reliability of our service on Ford cars. Don't try to do it yourself, bring your car here. Incidentally we are getting a few Ford cars and are able to make fairly good deliveries.

C. M. JOHNSON

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3-button Sack Suits in gray, blue and black wool serges—dark gray hard finished wool worsteds—hair line stripe wool worsteds, styled along conservative lines, carefully tailored, best grade mohair linings—equal to any sold elsewhere at \$30.00 and more.

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Men's Pajamas, made from fine weave white muslin \$1.39

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